MR. THOMAS'S PRIZE FRESCO OF "PHILOSOPHY."

(*Drawn on the Wood by* Mr. Thomas *himself.*)

The above is from Mr. Thomas's design entitled the Throne of Intellect, in which the principal figure, "Philosophy," forms the subject of the fresco by the same artist.

The oil-painting (exhibited with the cartoon and fresco) is intended to present as nearly as possible the effect to be produced by the whole design, when executed in fresco. The centre figure, Philosophy, tramples on the emblems of Force and Tyranny. The progression of mind is indicated from the simple properties of matter (Geometry), as extended to the planetary system by Astronomy; and Philosophy, supreme in perception of Divine order, points to the Author of All.

The allegorical figures in the angles represent Man escaping from the evils of the serpent Error. The other, Superstition, veiling herself.

The fresco is executed on a gold background, which must have increased the difficulties; but has been done probably to diversify the artist's contributions: the attempt has been to produce the severe architectural design on the models of the Florentine school.

LONDON AS IT WAS IN 1800, AS IT IS IN 1844.

(*Continued from p.* 392.)

The onward march of intellect during the last half century is truly admirable, the manners of the present day afford a most encouraging contrast to those of our forefathers; and although it is to be lamented that old English hospitality should have been superseded by a cold calculating spirit, that the social thread which formerly bound all classes together should have been violently broken by the worshippers and votaries of mammon; yet the change has not been without its advantages. Hadji Mahommed, a very elegant and witty writer, informs us that drunkenness was very prevalent in his days, the common people having a proverb, "that their labour could not be too small, nor their liquor too strong." "These," he says, "celebrate the sabbath and all their festivals with drinking and riotous living, esteeming it a very great crime (and that no blessing will attend them) should they do otherwise, and live soberly at those seasons." He relates an anecdote that a poor shoemaker being on his death bed, the parson of the parish was sent for to console and prepare him: the man declared the utmost unwillingness to die, saying "*that he had been guilty of one of the most enormous sins of omission that could lie upon a man's conscience,* and seemed to be in a state of deepest despair about it. The clergyman, at length, with many arguments, prevailed on him to unburthen himself, and declare what it was: the wretch, with grievous and heavy sighs, then owned, *that he had not so much as wetted his whistle with a draught of strong beer, or a dram of Geneva, during the whole course of Easter holidays.*" It was a melancholy sight to observe most of the villages adjacent to London crowded with drunkards, perishing with dropsies and consumptions, brought on them by their violent excesses.

Again, "in the country," he observes, "one can scarce go into a mixed company of men and women, among the middling gentry, without having barbarous indignities put upon modesty and good breeding. Their songs, their jests, and their stories have all chiefly a turn towards smuttiness. At christenings and marriages their libertinism reigns without control: and one's conversation is rendered insipid and improper unless it is seasoned with lewd mirth. He is a happy companion who can make the ladies simper over plates, or screw up their mouths to suppress a laugh, and improve the hint by a circular sneer and whisper behind their fans; a reverend piece of smuttiness given with all due gravity taking the lead." This writer also condemns the females for

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